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THE SAVAGE

PLUNDER, KEVIN

RON + ARMAND

I'M JANICE CHIANG. I LETTER KA-ZAR... AND I'M STEAMED!

I MEAN ALL ANYBODY EVER TALKS ABOUT IS HOW BEAUTIFULLY BRENT OR RON DRAW...

... OR HOW SUPERBLY ARMANDO INKS... OR-- AND THIS BURNS ME UP MOST OF ALL--

--HOW MARVELOUSLY BRUCE WRITES!!

WELL, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING: WITHOUT ME, ALL BRUCE'S PURPLE PROSE AND BON MOTS WOULD STILL BE STUCK IN HIS TYPEWRITER!

AND WITHOUT ME, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT ANY OF THOSE "BEAUTIFULLY DRAWN" CHARACTERS WERE DOING!

CASE IN POINT.

NOW, HERE-- LOOK AT THIS. A VINTAGE WORD BALLOON FROM KA-ZAR #18. PRETTY NICE, HUH?

DEAR, IT MUST BE THE CAT! I'M ALLERGIC TO THE SMELLY THINGS, I'M AFRAID, I-- AHHoo AHHoo CHOO!

OR HOW ABOUT THIS ONE-OF-A-KIND SOUND EFFECT FROM #9? NOT TOO SHABBY, EH?

FSHOOM

I'M TELLING YOU, WITHOUT ME, YOU'D STILL BE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THE HECK WAS GOING ON IN THOSE STORIES.

SO REMEMBER, WHEN YOU WRITE YOUR FAN MAIL, DON'T FORGET TO MENTION OL' JANICE...

AND PLEASE-- TYPED LETTERS ONLY.

SCRIPT AND PHOTOGRAPHY: DANNY FINGEROTH LETTERING: RICK PARKER (WE AIN'T LETTIN' JANICE LETTER ANYTHING ELSE 'TIL SHE CATCHES UP ON HER KA-ZAR DEADLINES!)

A **Stan Lee** PRESENTATION BY:

BRUCE JONES SCRIPT • RON FRENZ BREAKDOWNS • ARMANDO GIL FINISHES • JANICE CHIANG LETTERS • ANDY YANCHUS COLORS • DANNY FINGEROTH EDITOR • JIM SHOOTER ED. SUPERIOR

HE IS SIMPLY A MAN DRESSED IN A SUIT STARING AT HIS OWN REFLECTION IN A MIRROR. BUT THE MAN IS NOT THE SAME MAN WHO LEFT HIS JUNGLE HOME, UNWILLINGLY, MERE WEEKS AGO, A BULLET LODGED IN HIS BRAIN... IT IS NOT THE MAN WHO LAY AT DEATH'S DOOR IN A HOSPITAL BED IN NEW YORK WHILE A.I.M. MEDICAL RESEARCHERS FOUGHT TO BRING HIM BACK TO LIFE... IT IS NOT THE MAN WHO, AGAINST HIS WILL, HELPED RAMONA STARR DESTROY EMIL SHREIBER AND HIS GANG OF INTERNATIONAL GANGSTERS...

AND JUST WHERE DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GOING, JUNGLE-BOY?

BACK TO NEW YORK. TO FIND SHANNA.

THE DEAD WHO WALK

HE IS CHANGED. HE KNOWS THE MEANING OF THE WORD 'SLAVERY' NOW... HE KNOWS WHAT IT IS LIKE TO BE FORCED TO BEND TO ANOTHER'S WILL... TO BE LIED TO AND CHEATED AND TREATED LIKE CHATTEL... TO HAVE THE TRAPPINGS OF CIVILIZATION WITHOUT ITS AMENITIES...

HE KNOWS HE WOULD RATHER *DIE* THAN LIVE LIKE THIS!...

AND HE HAS NO INTENTION OF DYING!

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SO THE JUNGLE MAN SWIPES A CHEAP SUIT SO HE CAN LOOK GOOD IN THE BIG CITY! HAH!

FORGET IT--YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE. WE OWN YOU. AND SHANNA--WHEN YOU BETRAYED US,* A.I.M. HAD HER *KILLED!*

YEAH. YOU TOLD ME THAT BEFORE...

*--LAST ISH--DANNY.

...BUT YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY KNOWN FOR YOUR VERACITY, ARE YOU, RAMONA? NOW GET OUT OF MY WAY!

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANY-WHERE, PRINCE CHARMING! REMEMBER THAT MACHINE* I TOLD YOU ABOUT? THE ONE THAT SAVED YOUR LIFE?

ITS EFFECTS ARE ONLY *TEMPORARY!* PRETTY SOON YOUR VISION WILL START BLURRING, THE STRENGTH WILL DISSOLVE FROM YOUR LIMBS AND GRADUALLY, NOT TOO QUICKLY, YOU'LL BECOME TOTALLY HELPLESS--JUST BEFORE YOUR HEART *STOPS BEATING ALTOGETHER!*

*KA-ZAR #23--DANNY.

YOU WON'T MAKE IT TO NEW YORK! YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE YOU CROSS THE ATLANTIC...

IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, NOBODY CAN!...

RAMONA, YOU LYING LITTLE--YOU'RE *TWISTED, TOTALLY TWISTED!* YOU'D SAY ANYTHING TO KEEP ME HERE, WOULDN'T YOU?

IF THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF LOVE--

LOVE? WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT LOVE? THIS IS LUST--PURE AND SIMPLE!

NOT ON MY PART!

WHO ASKED YOU? YOUR DESIRES ARE OF VERY LITTLE INTEREST TO ME. AS LONG AS I HOLD THE LITTLE MAGIC BOX, YOU DO AS I SAY...

OTHERWISE--ZAP! A FEW THOUSAND VOLTS THROUGH THE OLD BRAIN PAN!

YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK I'D LET YOU LEAVE, DID YOU? AFTER ALL WE'VE MEANT TO EACH OTHER?

THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD IT!! ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!!

K-KA-ZAR?

D-DON'T COME ANY CLOSER! I'LL USE IT, I SWEAR I WILL!

GIVE ME THAT THING! RIGHT NOW!

I-I'M WARNING YOU! KA-ZAR!

AGH!

WARNING ME? I'LL BREAK THAT THING INTO A MILLION PIEC--

UNNNHH!

CLICK

HIS STRUGGLE IS VALIANT...

KISS

...AND SHORT-LIVED.

MEANWHILE, IN UPSTATE NEW YORK, SHANNA O'HARA ENJOYS AN IDYLLIC AFTERNOON WITH NEW-FOUND FRIEND PETER PARKER...

IT WAS VERY SWEET OF YOU TO BRING ME UP HERE, PETER. IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL, SO PEACEFUL. ALMOST LIKE-- LIKE HOME...

I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT. YOU SEEMED SO UPTIGHT IN THE CITY.

IT'S THIS *WAITING!* IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY! WHY CAN'T THEY JUST PREPARE KEVIN'S BODY FOR SHIPMENT BACK TO THE SAVAGE LAND AND GET *ON* WITH IT!

ALIEN REGISTRATION PROCEEDINGS, GOVERNMENTAL RED TAPE, WHO KNOWS? ANYWAY, THEY SAID THEY'D HAVE IT STRAIGHTENED OUT IN A WEEK OR TWO...

MEANWHILE, YOU CAN RELAX A LITTLE... YOU'VE BEEN SO UPSET SINCE... SINCE KA-ZAR'S DEATH...

THESE BLACKING OUT SPELLS YOU'VE BEEN HAVING ARE WORRYING ME... YOU SHOULD TRY TO TAKE IT A LITTLE EASIER...

YOU'VE BEEN SO KIND, PETER. IN FACT, EVERYONE'S BEEN SO KIND ABOUT KEVIN'S DEATH... YOU, DR. TUTTLE AT THE HOSPITAL--

DR. TUTTLE! HE WAS THE DOCTOR WHO ADMITTED KEVIN TO THE HOSPITAL, AND HE PROMISED HE'D *STAY* AT HIS SIDE!

SO?

SO WHEN WE CAME BACK TO THE HOSPITAL THAT AFTERNOON, HE WAS GONE! SOMEONE *ELSE* TOLD US KEVIN WAS DEAD!

SOMETHING'S *SCREWY* HERE! SOMETHING DOESN'T ADD UP!

WAIT A MINUTE! WHERE'RE WE GOING?

BACK TO THE CITY! *HE'S STILL ALIVE*, PETER! I *KNOW* HE IS!

AT FIRST, HE IS AWARE ONLY OF A VAGUE, IRRITATING BUZZING IN HIS EARS-- HE CAN'T TELL WHETHER IT'S FROM INSIDE HIS HEAD, OR OUTSIDE... HE CAN'T TELL WHETHER HE'S ALIVE--OR DEAD...

ONE BLUE EYE OPENS PAINFULLY, UNWILLINGLY. FROM OUT OF ITS CORNER HE CAN SEE AN EERIE GREEN GLOW.

THOSE CHEMICALS--THE COLOR, THE SMELL! IT'S THE *COURTLAND EXPLOSIVE!* RAMONA SAID IT HAD ALL BEEN DESTROYED!

WELL, WELL, AWAKE AT LAST. DO YOUR SURROUNDINGS LOOK FAMILIAR?

THAT BUZZING... AN ENGINE! THIS IS THE PLANE YOU USED TO TAKE ME FROM THE SAVAGE LAND!

BINGO! AND AS YOU CAN SEE, I HAVEN'T BEEN COMPLETELY TRUTHFUL WITH YOU, MY LOVE...

WE *DID* MANAGE TO SALVAGE SOME OF THE COURTLAND EXPLOSIVE FORMULA FROM SHREIBER'S HIDING PLACE IN THE DESERT.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, THOSE BOTTLES CONTAIN THE ONLY REMAINING SAMPLES OF THE FORMULA. THEY'RE GOING BACK TO NEW YORK TO BE ANALYZED...

SO I'M GOING TO NEW YORK, AFTER ALL.

NOT QUITE, HANDSOME! I CAN'T LET YOU DISRUPT A.I.M.'S WHOLE OPERATION-- YOU KNOW ENTIRELY TOO MUCH FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

YOU COULD DO US TOO MUCH DAMAGE BEFORE YOU FINALLY KICKED OFF.

SO PREVIN HERE AND I ARE GOING TO DROP YOU OFF--

--WAY OFF! OPEN THE HATCH, PREVIN!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, RAMONA!

WHY NOT? WHO'S GOING TO STOP US? YOUR SNOOZING KITTY-CAT? WELL, HE MIGHT BE A PROBLEM LATER, MIGHTN'T HE?

DUMP HIM, PREVIN...

NOOO! ZABU!

YOU FILTHY ROTTEN SCUM! YOU'LL *DIE* FOR THIS! I'LL--

GET RID OF HIM, PREVIN...

YES, MA'AM...

KA-WAAM!

MMMPH!

YOU FOOL! HE'S GOT HOLD OF THE HATCH! CLOSE IT, QUICK, BEFORE HE CLIMBS BACK INSIDE!

HE JUST NEEDS TO BE PERSUADED TO LET GO. WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO DO THE HONORS, COLONEL STARR?

A SPIKED HEEL GRINDS INTO KA-ZAR'S HAND AS RAMONA'S ANGRY VOICE SOUNDS THROUGH THE WHIRLING WINDS AROUND HIM...

YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN SWEETER TO ME, KA-ZAR...

...YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN A NICE BOY. "HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE A WOMAN SCORNED," AND THAT'S WHERE I'M SENDING YOU-- STRAIGHT TO *HELL!*

;GASP!; THEN YOU'RE COMING WITH ME, YOU *DEMON!*; UHH!;

PREVIN! *HELP ME! HE'S GOT MY FOOT!*

HIS GRIP SLIPS AND KA-ZAR FALLS...

BUT NOT BEFORE HE HAS KNOCKED RAMONA OFF BALANCE...

NO! THE EXPLOSIVES!

WATCH OUT!!

KA-BOOOM!!!

WHILE IN NEW YORK, AT RIVERSIDE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL...

MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

SHANNA!

SHANNA, *PLEASE!* DON'T DO THIS TO YOURSELF AGAIN! WE'VE BEEN TO THE MORGUE EVERY DAY THIS WEEK!

HE'S ALIVE, PETER, I *KNOW* HE'S ALIVE!

SHANNA -- LET IT GO! PLEASE! YOU'RE GOING TO TORTURE YOURSELF TO *DEATH!*

DON'T TRY TO STOP ME! I *KNOW* WHAT I'M *DOING!*

PLUNDER, KEVIN

I CAN'T LET YOU DO THIS AGA--

SHUT UP, PETER!

MAY I -- OOMPH!

SHANNA, PLEASE BELIEVE ME, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, BUT--

LET GO OF MY ARM, PETER!

SHANNA'S HAND TREMBLES AS SHE PULLS BACK THE SHEET...

SHE STARES SILENTLY AT THE COLD, UNRESPONSIVE FACE... THE FACE SHE HAD LOVED THROUGH THICK AND THIN, GOOD TIMES AND BAD...

HER MIND IS A DARK MASS OF CONFUSION... HER THOUGHTS JUMBLED AND DISTURBING...

...THE FACE THAT WILL NOT SMILE AT HER NOW, WHEN SHE NEEDS IT...

GET UP!

SHANNA?...

SHANNA, LET'S GO...

GET UP, KEVIN...

GET UP, BLAST YOU!

GET UP! GET UP!

SMACK!

SHANNA, I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU--

K-KEVIN? IS THAT YOU? W-WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, DARLING? I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOR SO LONG... SO LONG...

SHANNA! SHANN-- SHE'S PASSED OUT! LOOK AT HER FACE! SHE'S WHITE AS A SHEET!

SHE'S IN SHOCK! BETTER GET HER UP TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM, PRONTO!

DON'T WORRY, SHANNA! EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!...

...AND BEHIND THEM, IN THE MORGUE, IN A DRAWER MARKED 'KEVIN PLUNDER,' LIES A DEAD STRANGER'S BODY, ALTERED BY A.I.M. TO LOOK LIKE SHANNA'S SAVAGE LOVER.

HOURS LATER, SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, A BLANKET OF FOG LIES THICK AND WHITE IN THE EARLY DAWN HOURS, THE KIND OF FOG THAT SAILORS DREAD AND SIRENS ADORE...

...AND LORDS OF THE JUNGLE CAN TAKE OR LEAVE...

THAT'S THE LAST ROPE, ZABU. YOUR FANGS GOT US BOTH FREE--FOR ALL THE GOOD IT'LL DO US!

STUCK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN WITH NO FOOD, NO WATER, NO TRANSPORTATION. WELL, AT LEAST WE FOUND EACH OTHER--AND A PIECE OF THE PLANE TO HANG ON TO.

WHAT IS IT, ZABU? YOU SEE SOMETHING? A SAIL, MAYBE?

GROWLF!!

FROM OUT OF THE MILKY WHITENESS IT COMES WITH AMAZING SWIFTNESS, TWO TONS OF VORACIOUS EATING MACHINE PACKED INTO FIFTEEN FEET OF HUNGRY--

SHARK!

ZABU, WATCH OUT!!

ZABU!!

GLUB!

ZA--
AAAA

--BU?

BETTER PUT THAT MOUTHFUL ASIDE FOR NOW! HERE COME THE RELATIVES!

THE WATER CHURNS WITH BLACK FINS, ATTRACTED BY THE SMELL OF FRESH BLOOD, DETERMINED TO HAVE THEIR SHARE...

YOU JUST *HAD* TO GET A MOUTHFUL OF FISH, DIDN'T YOU? COULDN'T JUST STUN THE SHARK LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET AWAY-- *YOU* HAD TO HAVE *BREAKFAST, TOO!*

THE SHARKS DRAW CLOSER TO THEIR PREY, FORMING A TIGHT CIRCLE AROUND THE HAPLESS PAIR . . . CLOSER, CLOSER . . .

. . . AND THE MINDS OF MAN AND CAT BECOME ONE, UNTHINKING, PURE INSTINCT, PURE REFLEX, READY FOR THE ATTACK! . . .

. . . BUT NOT READY FOR THIS!

HUH?! WHAT TH--?

UNCEREMONIOUSLY, THEY ARE YANKED OUT OF THE WATER, CAUGHT ALONG WITH A NETFUL OF HERRING!

WHATCHA CALL THAT DANG DEAL, BIFF?

WHY, LOOKS TO ME TO BE A **CAT** FISH, FERDIE! HAW-HAW-HAW!

JUST MY LUCK--RESCUED BY CHEECH AND CHONG . . .

TWO DAYS LATER, IN NEW YORK'S RIVERSIDE HOSPITAL, AN EXHAUSTED PETER PARKER STARES DOWN AT SHANNA'S FORM AS SHE LIES RIGIDLY ON HER HOSPITAL BED...

SHE STARES STRAIGHT UP AT THE CEILING, UNBLINKING, JUST AS SHE HAS FOR THE LAST FORTY-EIGHT HOURS. SINCE HER COLLAPSE IN THE MORGUE, SHE HAS NOT SAID A WORD, MADE A MOVE...

MR. PARKER? COME WITH ME, PLEASE...

SHE HAS SIMPLY LAIN THERE, INERT, NOT PART OF THE LIVING WORLD, BUT NOT DEAD, EITHER A BEAUTIFUL STATUE CAST IN FLESH, BUT DEVOID OF PERSONALITY...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER, DOCTOR MASON?

CATATONIA, MR. PARKER. LET'S TALK IN THE WAITING ROOM...

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HOW COULD SUCH A THING HAPPEN TO SOMEONE LIKE SHANNA?

ALL OF US REACT DIFFERENTLY TO GRIEF AND LOSS, MR. PARKER. SOME HIDE THEIR FEELINGS, ONLY TO HAVE THEM COME OUT LATER IN OTHER FORMS...

...SUCH AS INTERNAL ILLNESS OR MISDIRECTED ANGER. OTHERS RID THEMSELVES IMMEDIATELY OF THEIR EMOTIONAL PAIN WITH TEARS AND DEPRESSION, THEN GO ON TO RESUME THEIR NORMAL LIVES...

WHEN A PATIENT LOSES A LOVED ONE, WE USUALLY ENCOURAGE THEM TO FACE THE SITUATION SQUARELY. THE HEALING PROCESS IS MORE SPEEDILY INVOKED THIS WAY...

BUT IN MISS O'HARA'S CASE, THE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING THE DEATH WERE SO UNUSUAL AND TRAUMATIC, AND HER FEELINGS FOR THE DECEASED SO AMBIVALENT AND UNRESOLVED, THAT AN OBSESSION HAS SET IN...

WE MUST THEREFORE APPLY THE REVERSE METHOD: WE MUST MAKE THE PATIENT FORGET ALL ABOUT HER LOSS, ERASE THE DECEASED'S MEMORY UNTIL HER MIND IS STRONG ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH REALITY AGAIN...

I WARN YOU, MR. PARKER, HER MIND IS DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO COMPLETE COLLAPSE.

WERE MR. PLUNDER, THROUGH SOME FORM OF MAGIC, ACTUALLY TO COME BACK INTO HER LIFE AT THIS POINT, IT WOULD DO HER FAR MORE HARM THAN GOOD. THUS IT IS WITH HER MEMORIES OF HIM...

DO YOU UNDER-STAND?

I UNDERSTAND...

IT IS NOT PETER PARKER WHO THINKS OF SHANNA LATER, BUT SPIDER-MAN... IT IS NOT PETER PARKER WHO FEELS THE GUILT OVER HER DILEMNA, BUT HIS ARACHNID ALTER EGO...

ONLY A FEW SCANT WEEKS HAVE PASSED SINCE HE FIRST LAID EYES ON THAT GORGEOUS FIGURE, THAT BEAUTIFUL FACE, SO ALIVE WITH LOVE AND HOPE...

... THE MEMORIES FLOOD OVER HIM: SHANNA LEAPING ACROSS THE BUILDING TOPS IN PURSUIT OF HER INJURED LOVER... SHANNA CRADLING KA-ZAR'S HEAD, WAIT-ING FOR THE AMBULANCE...

... AND THE LOOK ON HER FACE WHEN THE DOCTOR TOLD HER THAT HER LOVE, HER ONE AND ONLY KEVIN, WAS DEAD... THAT LOOK...

...THAT STRICKEN, DEVASTATED LOOK...

EVEN HERE, IN HIS OWN APARTMENT, HE CANNOT FORGET THAT FACE, THAT LOOK...

IT WILL STAY WITH HIM FOR THE REST OF HIS DAYS...

SUDDENLY, HE WHIRLS AROUND IN THE DARK, HIS SPIDER-SENSE TINGLING MADDENINGLY... SUDDENLY, SOMEONE IS IN THE ROOM WITH HIM... SOMEONE WHO NOW SHARES THE SECRET OF HIS IDENTITY!...

WHO'S THERE? ANSWER ME!

AND FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS STEPS A GHOST FROM THE PAST!...

KA-ZAR!

DON'T WORRY, SPIDER-MAN, I'M ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES WHO ALREADY KNOWS WHO YOU ARE!*

I KNOW YOU WERE AROUND WHEN SHANNA AND I WERE FIGHTING KRAVEN AND I HAD THAT BULLET IN MY HEAD.** THE SLUG'S GONE NOW, BUT I MAY NOT HAVE LONG TO LIVE, ANYWAY.

BUT BEFORE MY TIME COMES, I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S BECOME OF HER--AND WHERE SHE IS. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT KNOW. DO YOU?

**RAMONA TOLD HIM ABOUT IT IN ISSUE #23--D.

*SINCE MARVEL FANFARE #2--DANNY.

SHANNA'S...

...NOT HERE.

WHERE IS SHE?

SHE'S IN GOOD HANDS, I ASSURE YOU!

BUT YOU'RE *DEAD!* I SAW YOUR CORPSE IN THE MORGUE!

NOT *MINE*... NOT *YET* ANYWAY.

MUST'VE BEEN A SUBSTITUTE, PUT THERE BY A.I.M.--BUT THAT'S PART OF A LONG STORY I'VE NO TIME TO GO INTO NOW.

FOR WEEKS I'VE BEEN ASSURED OF THIS AND THAT, AND IT'S ALL BEEN LIES! I WANT TO SEE SHANNA AND I WANT TO SEE HER *NOW!*--

--AND I'M NOT IN ANY PARTICULAR MOOD TO *ARGUE!*

KA-ZAR PREPARES TO DEAL THE FIRST BLOW...

BUT--

C'MON, KA-ZAR! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD PULL THAT APE-MAN STUFF ON *ME* AND GET AWAY WITH IT?

SHANNA'S IN THE HOSPITAL--BUT I CAN'T LET YOU SEE HER...

IN THE *HOSPITAL!* WHAT'D YOU DO TO HER, YOU--

KNOCK! KNOCK!

HUH? WHO'S THAT?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I CAN'T LET WHOEVER IT IS SEE ME LIKE THIS!

YOU HIDE IN THE BEDROOM WHILE I ANSWER THE DOOR! THEN WE'LL TALK ABOUT SHANNA IN A CIVILIZED MANNER.'

THAT IS, IF YOU *KNOW* HOW TO BE CIVILIZED!

SHANNA ROOM 816 MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

WAIT A MINUTE, PARKER, I--

HEY... WHAT'S THIS?...

SO *THIS* IS WHAT HE WAS TRYING TO HIDE FROM ME!

ROOM 816...

SHANNA ROOM 816 MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

IN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL--WHERE A.I.M. HAS ITS AGENTS! I'VE GOT TO GET TO HER-- *NOW!*

SORRY, PARKER, BUT I DON'T HAVE TIME TO BE CIVILIZED TONIGHT... SOME OTHER TIME, MAYBE...

-- YOU REALIZE IT'S TWO O'CLOCK IN THE *MORNING*, YOUNG MAN? SOME FOLKS ARE TRYING TO SLEEP AROUND HERE! AND YOU MAKIN' ALL THIS RACKET! YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED!

YES, MRS. MUGGINS... I'LL TRY TO BE QUIETER...

WELL, SEE THAT YOU DO! HMPH!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, KA-ZAR? THEY HEARD YOU SHOUTING THREE STORIES BELOW! IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL, THE POLICE WILL--

KA-ZAR?

OH NO! I LET HIM GET AWAY! AND MY PAD-- WITH THAT NOTE I LEFT ON IT-- IT'S GONE!

I DON'T HAVE TO BE A GENIUS TO KNOW WHERE HE'S HEADED!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER, KA-ZAR SPOTS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL . . .

THEY'LL NEVER LET ME IN TO SEE SHANNA THIS TIME OF NIGHT. . .

. . . BUT I WAS NEVER ONE TO PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO RULES, ANYWAY!

THAT SHOULD BE THE EIGHTH FLOOR COR-RIDOR JUST ABOVE ME.

AND...

THEY COULD BE DOING--HAVE DONE--ANYTHING TO HER! I'VE GOT TO FIND HER!

HEAVEN KNOWS *WHAT* COULD HAVE HAPPENED WITHOUT *ME* AROUND TO PROTECT HER!...

THAT BLASTED SPIDER-MAN SURE DIDN'T DO A VERY GOOD JOB OF IT!...

CAREFUL NOW...CAN'T LET THE NURSE SEE ME...

MADE IT! HERE IT IS--ROOM 816...

UHH...A WAVE OF WEAKNESS... LIKE RAMONA WARNED ABOUT.

BUT I CAN'T FALTER--NOT NOW!

SHANNA? SHANNA, BABY, IT'S ME! KEVIN! SHANNA?

SHANN--*WHAT?!*

I'VE BEEN *TRICKED! AGAIN!*

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU THINK WITH YOUR BICEPS INSTEAD OF YOUR BRAIN...

THE LIGHTS! FLASHING ON! WHA--?

YOU!

WHERE'S SHANNA?

SHE WAS MOVED TO THE TENTH FLOOR TWO DAYS AGO. THAT NOTE YOU FOUND WAS OUTDATED.

THOSE PILLOWS YOUR IDEA OF A FUNNY JOKE?

YOU WOULD'VE GONE OFF LOOKING FOR TROUBLE AGAIN IF YOU'D SEEN THE ROOM WAS EMPTY. I WANTED TO GET YOU IN HERE SO WE COULD TALK.

NOW, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WANT TO HEAR THIS, KA-ZAR, BUT SHANNA IS ON THE PSYCHIATRIC WARD, AND IT'S YOUR FAULT SHE'S THERE! IF SHE HADN'T THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD, SHE WOULDN'T HAVE--

BLAST! SHE'S HAD... PROBLEMS*... BEFORE. I WAS AFRAID ONE DAY SHE MIGHT GO OFF THE DEEP END. BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER...

*SEE RAMPAGING HULK #9--DANNY.

I WANT TO SEE HER...

I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T. NOT FOR A WHILE, ANYWAY...

HOW LONG A WHILE?

VERY LONG, I'M AFRAID...

BUT IF SHE'S LOST HER MIND BECAUSE SHE THINKS I'M DEAD, THEN SEEING ME MIGHT *CURE* HER!

I'M AFRAID NOT, KA-ZAR. THE DOCTOR THINKS THE SHOCK OF EVEN *REMEMBERING* YOU MIGHT IRREVOCABLY UNHINGE HER.

AND IF SHE ACTUALLY *SAW* YOU--ALIVE--

THAT'S A RISK I'M WILLING TO TAKE! NOW I'LL ASK YOU ONE LAST TIME: WHERE IS SHE?

YOU MAY BE WILLING TO TAKE THE RISK, BUT *I'M* NOT. SORRY, PAL!

YOU'LL BE A WHOLE LOT, ***SORRIER*** WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!

DON'T BE AN IDIOT, KA-ZAR! I'M SPIDER-MAN -- WITH SPIDER ***STRENGTH!***

YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER OBSTACLE BETWEEN ME AND THE WOMAN I LOVE--AND I'VE SURMOUNTED THEM ALL.

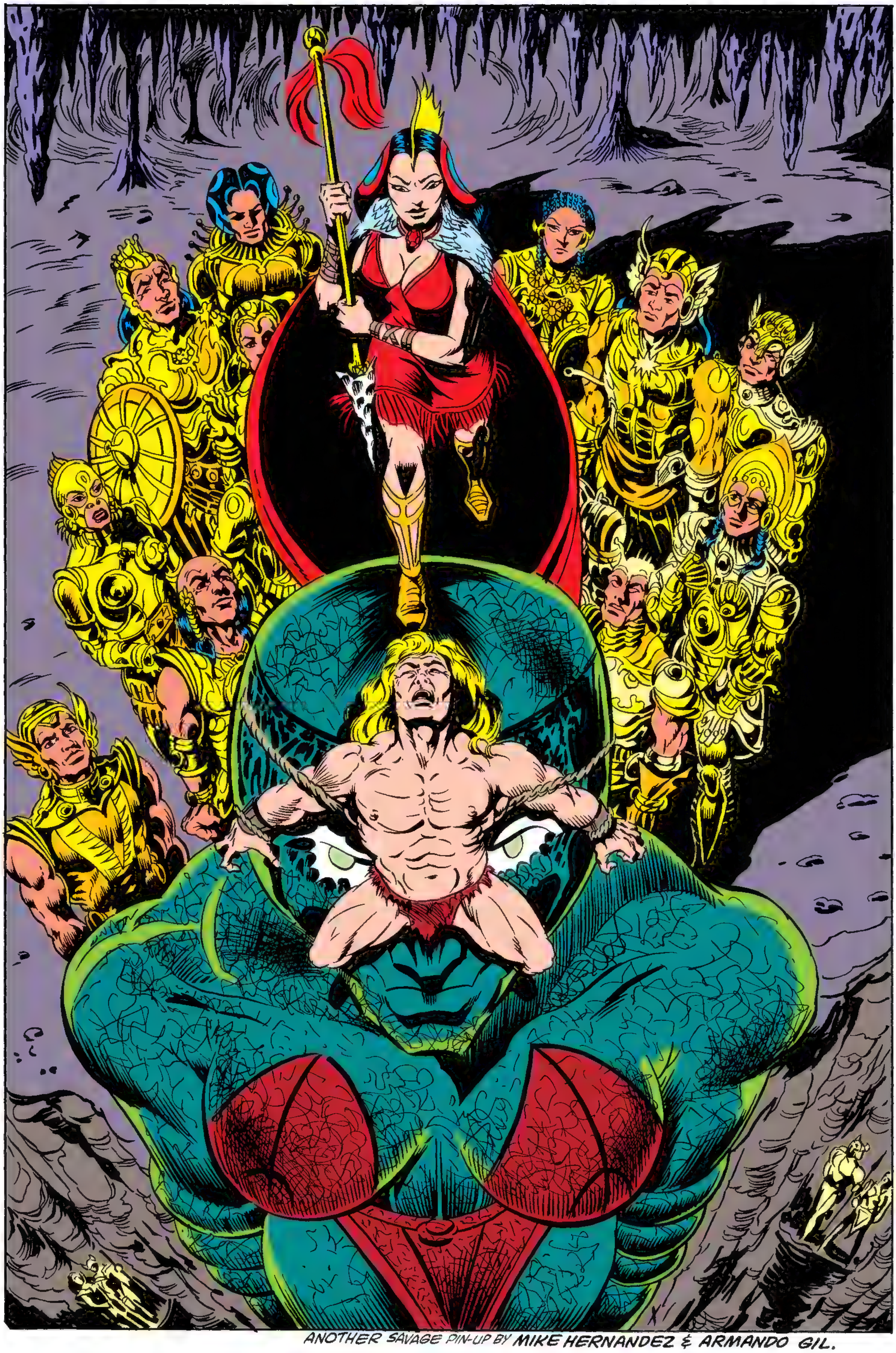
NOTHING'S GOING TO KEEP ME FROM SHANNA NOW! NOTHING--

--AND ***NO ONE!***

SHE ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE BULL-HEADED!

SAVE YOUR BREATH, WISE-GUY, YOU'LL ***NEED*** IT!

NEXT: PARDON ME, BOYS--IS THIS... THE SAVAGE LAND EXPRESS?!



ANOTHER SAVAGE PIN-UP BY MIKE HERNANDEZ & ARMANDO GIL.

IN THE DAYS WHEN KA-ZAR WAS A BOY...

Stan Lee PRESENTS: TALES of ZABU!

BRUCE JONES SCRIPT • VAL MAYERIK ART • ANDY YANCHUS COLORS • JANICE CHIANG LETTERS • DANNY FINGEROTH EDITOR • JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

SNARED DAYS AGO IN A PAINFUL WOODEN TRAP, ATTACKED AND LEFT FOR DEAD BY MAA-GOR, LEADER OF THE MAN-APES, THE GREAT SABER-TOOTH TIGER CALLED ZABU HAS LAIN WOUNDED, AS VULTURES GATHERED ABOVE HIM TO AWAIT HIS FINAL, INEVITABLE DEMISE.

ONE WINGED SCAVENGER, HOWEVER, COMES TOO CLOSE... TOO SOON! FOR THE GREAT TIGER HAS NOT BEEN DYING...BUT GATHERING HIS SLOWLY RETURNING STRENGTH... FOR JUST SUCH A MOMENT!

NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO FREE HIMSELF, ZABU KNOWS HE MUST SURVIVE. AND, THANKS TO THE NOURISHMENT PROVIDED BY THE UNSUSPECTING VULTURE, HE WILL. SUCH IS THE WAY OF THE JUNGLE.

BUT THERE ARE SEARCHING EYES IN THE FOREST TO RECORD ALL THIS... AND REPORT IT TO MAA-GOR!

MY BROTHER'S KILLER!

ELSEWHERE IN THE SAVAGE LAND, YOUNG KEVIN PLUNDER STANDS DAZED, HIS MIND CLOUDED BY A STRING OF RECENT TRAUMATIC EVENTS, NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH HAS JUST OCCURRED.

FOR, WITH THE VERY HAND AT WHICH HE STANDS STARING, HE HAS, FOR THE FIRST TIME, TAKEN A MAN'S LIFE!

ONCE, KEVIN HAD BEEN THE FRIEND AND ALLY OF ZABU THE SABER-TOOTH, BUT ALL THAT IS FORGOTTEN NOW, LOST IN THE HAZE OF HIS BEFUDDLED MEMORY. ALL HE KNOWS IS THAT, SOMEHOW, MAA-GOR HAS BECOME HIS MASTER... HIS **FATHER**--AND THE ONE WHO FORCED HIM TO KILL!

MAA-GOR THE MIGHTY IS BESIDE HIMSELF WITH PRIDE AND TRIUMPH! THE YELLOW-HAIR HAS BEHAVED AS A TRUE SON OF MAA-GOR SHOULD! IT IS A TIME OF CELEBRATION! IT IS A TIME OF FESTIVITY!

FOOD MUST BE BROUGHT! DANCING MUST BE HAD! THE YELLOW-HAIR YOUTH MUST BE PAINTED WITH THE DEAD MAN'S BLOOD TO REMIND THE WORLD OF HIS STRENGTH, HIS COURAGE!

ALL THIS HAPPY MAYHEM IS INTERRUPTED, HOWEVER, BY A CERTAIN IRRITATING MESSENGER...

...SOME NONSENSE ABOUT A HUGE SABER-TOOTH CAT NOT FAR AWAY--

-- THE SAME SABER-TOOTH THAT MAA-GOR HIMSELF **SUPPOSEDLY** SLEW A FEW WEEKS AGO!

STILL ALIVE? **STILL ALIVE?** WHERE? TELL ME WHERE, YOU LITTLE CREEP!

IN THE VALLEY, IS HE? STILL ALIVE, IS HE? WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THIS!!

THEY DESCEND A ROCKY TRAIL-- "FATHER AND SON"--CROSS A STRETCH OF THICKET...

... AND COME AT LAST TO THE BROAD VALLEY AND WINDING RIVER WHERE MAA-GOR THRUST HIS SPEAR INTO THE GREAT CAT...

IT'S TRUE, THEN! THE CURSED BEAST STILL LIVES! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, YET THERE HE IS!

ZABU STIFFENS. A LOW RUMBLE BEGINS IN HIS THROAT. HE IS FAR TOO WEAK TO MAKE MORE THAN ONE VIOLENT LUNGE-- AND PROBABLY THE TWO-LEG WILL SPEAR HIM ONCE AGAIN-- THIS TIME FATALLY...

... BUT IF THAT IS HOW IT MUST BE, ZABU IS READY!

THIS TIME, MIGHTY MAA-GOR'S SPEAR WILL BITE DEEP-- TO THE HEART! THIS TIME THERE WILL BE NO MISTAKE!

BUT WAIT! WAIT A MOMENT! PERHAPS THERE IS A BETTER WAY!

YES! A TRUE TEST OF DEVOTION, OF ALLEGIANCE! LET THE YELLOW-HAIRED YOUTH DO THE SLAYING! YES! LET THE HATED CAT DIE AT THE HANDS OF HIS FORMER MASTER!

KEVIN TAKES THE SPEAR FIRMLY, EYES DANCING WITH CORUSCATING LIGHTS AND COLORS. DISTANT MEMORIES BATTLE ONCE MORE FOR A FOOTHOLD IN HIS MIND...

HE STARES DOWN AT THE LITHE, FELINE BODY OF THE GREAT CAT. MAA-GOR HAS TAUGHT HIM TO HATE CATS--ALL CATS. CATS, LIKE PRISONERS, ARE TO BE KILLED...

A SUDDEN BRILLIANT LIGHT EXPLODES IN THE BOY'S BRAIN. HIS LIPS DRAW BACK IN A SAVAGE SNARL... A WEIRD HOWLING SOUND ESCAPES HIS THROAT...

...AND KA-ZAR THE SAVAGE LEAPS FOR THE DEATH-THRUST!

NEXT: THE WAY OF A WARRIOR!

THE SAVAGE